

11/4

11/4 F. 1000

Coll. 739

#14

Aug.

S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

Sept.

			X	X	X	X
X	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

ACADEMY  
NAT. SCI.  
PHILA.  
MS. 586



1926 diary.

Southern Utah Exped.



Aug. 16, 1926. Left Philadelphia with Morgan at 2.11 P.M. on "Penna Limited" for Chicago.

Aug. 17, 1926. Arrived Chicago at 8.55 A.M., and left at 10.30 A.M. on "Continental Limited" of C. & N.W. - U. P.

Aug. 18, 1926. We awoke east of North Platte, Nebraska a short distance. Turned in just west of Rushville, Nebraska Wyoming.

Great Blue Heron. One sitting in a slough near Rock River, Wyo.

Aug. 19, 1926. Arose just as we reached Ogden, Utah. Left the train at Milford, Utah at 2.50, ~~ten~~ five minutes late. Mr. Christiansen, with whom we had made preliminary arrangements, and a friend of his, Mr. W. W. Farrer, of Beaver, Utah, met us at the station. Mr. Christiansen was unable to go with us as other engagements and lack of suitable transportation would not permit him to do so. It was arranged that Mr. Farrer would go with us, and that we could get a Ford truck for the long trips. Mr. Farrer had a Ford Coupe

and it was soon arranged that we would at once go to Beaman, make the trip into the Beaman (Fortune) Mountains which we wanted to make, then start on the longer trip. After arranging for the shipment of our trunks by truck to Beaman, we started, the four of us and our four telescopes packed in the 2nd coupe. We arrived at Beaman about 5.30 and Mr. Farrer insisted on us staying with him overnight while we were in Beaman. We ate at a good restaurant and then spent the evening in going over our outfit, boiling it down and arranging it for the most convenient utilization. Our more definite plans were then made after a study of the maps we had. We retired about 10.00 P.M.

Yellows-headed Blackbird. } Numerous  
Red-wing blackbird } along  
Beaman River  
marshes near  
Beaman.

Great Blue Heron. One in same  
Cormorant. One in reservoir of  
Beaman River half way from  
Milford to Beaman.

Rare. Numerous between St. John and  
Milford & number near Beaman.

Aug. 20, 1926. Beane to Puffer Lake,  
Tushar Mts., Utah.

We were up at 6.45 AM. then after breakfast we loaded outfit for the Tushar Mts. into the Ford coupe, which is to take us up to Puffer Lake, where we will be joined by three saddled horses for the higher peaks. Mr. Farrer's boy started ahead of us with the horses. We purchased such supplies as we would need for the three days before we would get back to Beane, and set out shortly after ten o'clock.

The road led up Beane Canyon, past old Fort Cameron at the canyon's mouth, then for a number of miles we rode steadily upward through a deep canyon, in many places now, with aspen becoming evident, much bull pine, then firs. We worked on small flat areas at 6500 feet, again at 6800 feet, and last at 7000 feet. For some three miles the grade was very steep and we braked the engine three or four times. We passed several meadowy flats, known as Merchants Valley, & Three Creek Valley, and finally reached Puffer Lake at about 8200 feet. Here we made camp in the edge of an aspen forest.

The lake is full of trout, rainbow and the introduced brown trout, so quite a few other people were camped about the lake. We worked in the meadowy areas from the lake shore running up into the aspen as steeply sloping glades. Here we got Brunneria, one of our special desiderata. Morgan and Mr. Farner each caught three rainbow trout, which we had for supper with bacon and eggs. After sunset it got extremely cool and we made up our beds with particularly attention to warmth.

Red-backed Junco. Numerous at Puffer Lake.

Clarke's Crow. One at Puffer Lake. Very white hawk - possibly Swainson's. Sighting at Puffer Lake.

Long-crested Jay. Numerous at Puffer Lake and for a thousand or more feet below.

Azure Bluebird. One at about 7000 feet.

August 21, 1926. To summit of Hclang Peak and return to Puffer Lake, Tushar Mts., Beaver Co., Utah.

We awoke at daybreak to a chill world, although I had slept quite well and was not at all cold. In fact I was so thoroughly warmed in and had difficulty turning over. After eggs, bacon and sad coffee, which Morgan made, the horses were soon saddled, and a few minutes after seven o'clock we were on our way toward the summit of Helcano Peak, the highest of the peaks of the Tushar range. Our way lead for some few miles steadily upward through dark and cold forests of fir with many aspen, the latter predominating on the ~~the~~ more exposed slopes, the fir more marked in the ravines. We crossed two divides which reached nearly to timber-line, being joined on one by a friendly sheep-herder, who went on with us to the summit and was our host later. We worked at about ten thousand feet in a high meadow and found that certain of the species found about ~~the~~ Puffer Lake had been left behind, and no really new ones encountered. From this meadow we started up on the long climb on the main backbone of the Tushar Range to the summit of Helcano (12240 feet). A friend of Mr. Farrer and his boy joined us here and our whole party

went on together. The west slope of  
Helans Peak is steep and it was  
zig-zag all the way, getting out of the  
road of areas of slide rock as much  
as possible. The actual timber-line,  
from adjacent slopes, could well be  
given as 10,500 feet, but the whole  
main west slope of Helans from 10,000  
feet up is timber line, apparently for  
a distance of smooth brown slopes, in  
fact largely small slide rock. We  
reached the summit about 11.00 AM.  
and a bracing wind greeted us there.  
The views were splendid. To the north  
the whitish and sharp peaks of  
Baldy (12000 feet) and Belknap (12200  
feet) were relatively near at hand in  
the same range. To the northeast we  
could look down the valley of the Seneca  
River and see Richfield, Monroe  
and other towns. To the east range  
beyond range reached away with  
in the far distance the outline of  
the Henry Mts. Southward range in  
range reached away to the high group  
north of St. George. Westward we looked  
completely on the Mineral Range, to  
range after range toward the Nevada  
line. We examined the summit area  
which were not too steep for collecting,  
while most of party sought shelter on

the <sup>(eastern)</sup> leeward side of the actual summit.  
Coming down we left our last acquired  
members of the party near the base  
of the main ridge, then at the invitation  
of our sheep-herder acquaintance we  
went to have a bite of warm food  
with him at his camp in Merchant  
Valley. At the base of the main ridge  
the areas of larkspur were very large  
and painted the hillside a deep purplish  
blue. The sheep-herder's camp was at  
about 9000 feet and meadows there  
and the drier slopes well repaid  
examination. Here we found the  
highest Aryphia and Circotettix, as  
well as Trimerotropis rufus. We had  
a wonderful meal of ~~roast~~ fried mutton,  
sour-dough biscuits, beans and  
coffee, well cooked and lots of it. It  
was typical western hospitality - a  
smiley man who put anything he  
had before you and hoped you would  
eat all you could. Bidding our  
host goodby we crossed the divide  
between Merchant Valley and Puffer  
Lake Valley and were in camp shortly  
after three. Our knees were lame  
and our legs ached, but we felt good  
otherwise and wrote notes, then  
Morgan and Mr. Farrer went after  
dark.

A pipit with white-outer tail feathers.  
Serval on summit of Kilauea Peak.  
Red-shafted Flicker. Numerous at  
about 9500 at head of Merchant  
valley.

Golden Eagle. One soaring over top of  
range and tail feather found on  
slope.

Canada Jay. One at Puffer Lake camp  
in morning.

Juncos. Numerous from Puffer  
Lake to about 9500 feet.

Pikas. Heard at 10,500 feet.

Rough map.

Puffer Lake to Helans Peak



August 22, 1926. Puffer Lake, Tushar Mts. to Beane, Beane Co., Utah.

We were about shortly before six, had breakfast, broke camp and started down the mountain, the horses going ahead. It was a beautiful clear morning, possibly not quite as cool as yesterday. Our first stop was at Britto's Meadow, where three creeks empty into Beane Creek. The elevation here is 7000 feet. We shot a groundhog here, the type loc. of Marmota engelhardti, and I skinned it out and dosed it with borax. Unfortunately the skull was smashed so badly by the shot that it was not worth preserving. After collecting here we ran on down grade to Merchants Valley some hundreds of feet lower, where the first sage is evident, altho' the sage Orthoptera were not present. Continuing down we collected next in a small flat on a shoulder in the canyon, where sage and manzanita grew. Here we got the first sage brush species. Another station lower down was more typically sage, with yellow-flowered rabbit weed which brought in Neopnotettix.

Another stop at the mouth of the canyon in typical sage condition gave Merostomus l. rileyanus and Metastegus imperator among other things. We reached Beaman about 2.30 and Mr. Farner insisted that we spend the night with him. We then removed several days beard, washed fairly well and put up specimens until time for dinner. We were both surprised that we had virtually no lameness from yesterday's riding.

Long-crested Jay. Numerous about camp at Puffer Lake in morning.

Aug. 23, 1926. Beaman to Pass on Wah-wah Mts., west of Wah-wah Springs, Beaman Co., Utah.

We were up shortly after six o'clock and soon had breakfast. Loading the Ford truck we are to use then occupied us, followed by the purchase of additional food supplies. Leaving Beaman at 9.40 AM. we headed off toward Milford, working in the Beaman Valley and at Minersville, in the draw between the Mineral Range and the Bald Hills. At Milford we had our steering gear knuckles tightened up, filled up gas and

took in ten gallons of cased  
gas, then lunched, and finally  
endeavored unsuccessfully to buy  
some cots. It was about three o'clock  
when we headed westward from  
Milford on the Ely road. We worked  
with fair success on the edge of the  
bench west of Milford, then started  
a gradual but very evident climb  
around the south base of the Beaver  
Lake Mts. toward the mining town  
of Frisco. This place - 20 miles from  
Milford - has reached the quiescent  
stage, largely abandoned, but with  
a mine or so working over tailings.  
Silver was the main production in  
the past. Frisco is at the south  
foot of the San Francisco Mts, and  
just beyond it on the west side of  
the same range is the virtually  
abandoned camp of Newhouse.  
West of the San Francisco Mts. opens  
up the broad expanse of the Wah-  
wah Valley, gradually sloping  
northward to Silver Lake. Across  
it looms up the Wah-wah Mts, the  
higher summits of which must reach  
9000 feet, but which are typically  
great Basin Mts covered on their  
slopes with juniper - piñon. The  
view across this valley was

splendid, and reminded us very much of similar valleys to the westward in Nevada. The road crossed much of the valley in a perfectly straight <sup>line</sup> and climbed the far side similarly to Mah-wah Spring, which is some distance to the south of the road with a grove of lumbering poplars to mark it a long way off. The climb up the canyon above Mahwah Springs was a very stiff one, and our Ford truck did nobly, keeping on until within a few hundred feet of the actual summit, when we had to cool it by giving it some water. The summit is about 1000 feet above Mahwah Springs and close to 1800 above the lower level of Mah-wah Valley, while it is juniper and piñon country down nearly to the Spring. We camped in park-like juniper and piñon country just west of the summit. Our beds laid out, a good supper of bacon, eggs, bread, jam, coffee and canned pears under our belt, we soon started putting away material which occupied considerable time, while Morgan tried periodically to get a Capnobates he had located.

Numerous ducks (sps.?) in irrigation  
ditches near Beam.

Pied-billed Grebe. Three in irrigation  
slough near Minersville.

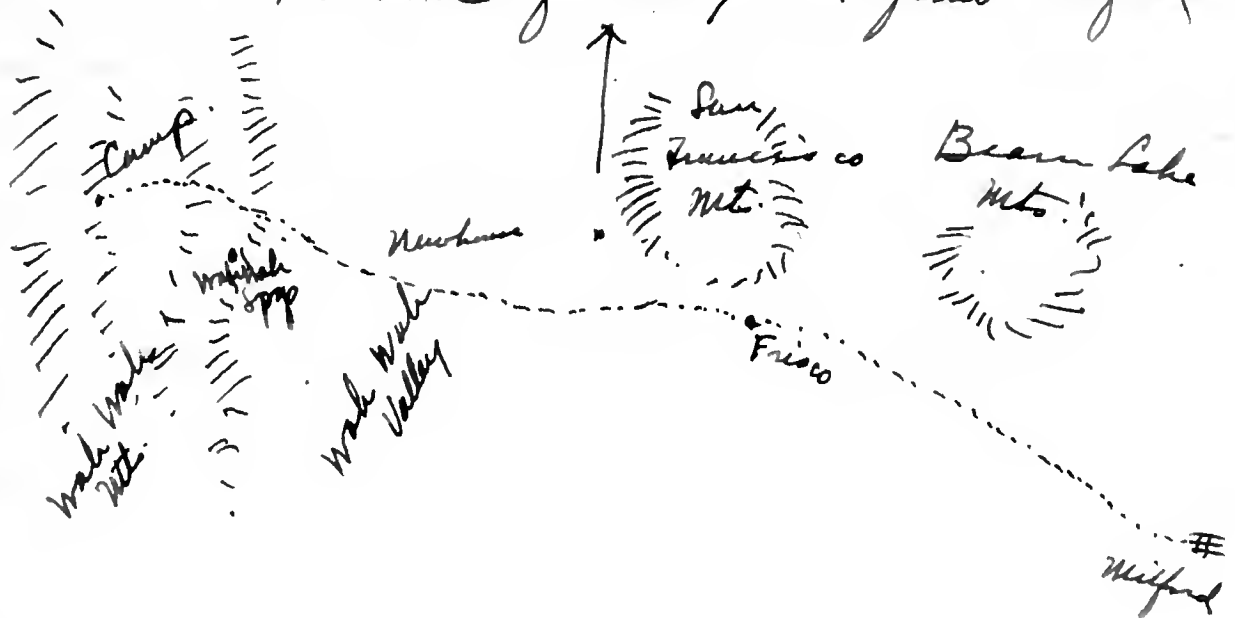
Ran. Two at Milford.

Antelope found Squirrels. Numerous  
for some distance west of Milford.

A ground squirrel of the mollis  
type. Numerous around Frisco.

Jack rabbit. Two investigated  
our camp at Wahwah Pass just at  
sunning.

Route of Aug. 23. from Milford



August 24, 1926. Pass in Wah Wah Mts.,  
Utah to Lehman's Carr, Nevada.

We were up shortly before six o'clock, and  
after a good breakfast and some time  
collecting in there on our way. The  
road dropped rapidly to the sweep  
of Pine Valley west of the Wah Wah  
Range and in but a few minutes  
we were out of the juniper & piñons. An  
iron discombed one of our front tires  
was flat and pumped that up. The  
Pine Valley floor is not as low as that  
of Wah Wah Valley and we worked on  
both slopes, as well as ~~was~~ in the reddish  
lava hills which border it on the  
west and which we also crossed. To  
the west of these hills lay the broad  
and well named White Sage Valley,  
which has a higher level than even  
~~the~~ Pine Valley and which leads into  
the Snake Valley. White Sage Valley is  
most unimpressive and there was  
little variety in its *Cercophora*, altho'  
apparently two species of *Cordillaria*  
were represented and the *Hesperotettix*  
there was exceedingly small. When  
we passed into the Snake Valley,  
which is done without crossing  
any divide, but merely dropping  
off of a bench of the level of  
White Sage Valley, we found the  
road very badly cut up, and with

bad ruts and numerous chuck  
holes, which made us change our  
other front tire. About Preuss Lake  
the going was very bad and also  
about the little settlement of Garrison.  
Most of us traversed the Snake Range  
with Mt. Wheeler dominating the  
whole landscape. Crossing the Nevada  
line in our run at ~~Baker~~ Baker,  
where we replenished gas and water  
and inquired about horses for  
Mt. Wheeler. We were directed to Lehman's

Can, and after climbing six miles  
of steep grade we reached the little  
resort at the Can. Currently we  
wrecked our faw belt and I accident-  
ally cut my hand endeavoring to  
help fix it. We filled our radiator  
and crept the last part of the  
climb with a quiet fan. At the  
Can we installed ourselves in  
cots in tent cabins and arranged  
for horses the next day. The  
elevation here is 7000 feet. In the  
evening we went a mile into Lehman's Can  
Great Blue Heron. One in thicket  
near Garrison.

Brewer's Blackbird. Numerous  
near Garrison, Baker & at Lehman's  
Can.

Pine Jay. Morgan shot one at  
Mule Lake & Pass camp.

*Aphelocoma* sp. Semal about Tehuacan  
Carr.

Rare. Semal in White Sage Valley.

Spikes. Numerous in Snake Valley.

*Carpodacus*-like flycatcher. - sat  
my straight, had considerable  
sing. grayish above, yellow beneath.

Semal in poplars of ranch near  
Garrison.

Turned back. Numerous in all  
desert valleys crossed to-day.

Route Aug. 24.



August 25, 1946. Rehman's Can to Mt. Wheeler - return.

We were up at 5.15 A.M. and after a hasty breakfast we left in saddle horses at 7.15. Our plan was for Morgan and Mr. Farness to ~~try~~ to reach the summit of Mt. Wheeler from Stella Lake, where we would leave our horses, while I was to work the slopes adjacent to the lake. We climbed steadily from juniper & piñon, to bull pine (a few), many mountain mahogany, to aspen, spruce and fir. The grade steadily increased and we made very good time in spite of it, reaching the lake at 9.15. To the north loomed the bulk of the double peaks of Mt. Wheeler, with a deep cirque between in which was considerable snow in the crevices, some but a few feet above the level of the lake. Mr. Farness and Morgan at once struck off for the high peak, while I climbed the north wall of the canyon, circled the col to the west, climbed a fair sized peak, descended rock slides, etc. down from a snow bank for thirst and picked up the few specimens encountered. The day was perfect. The lake is 10,000 feet, the summit of Mt. Wheeler slightly over 13,000 feet, the highest point reached by me, about 10,800 feet.

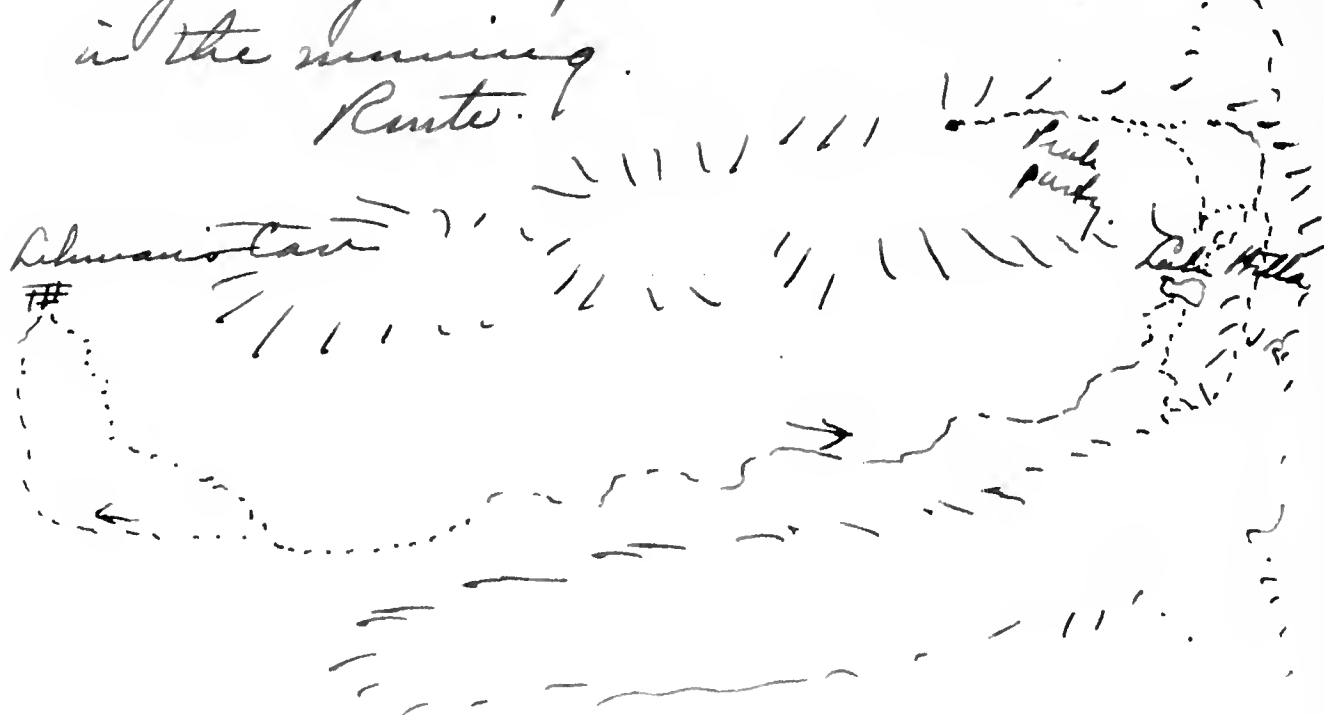
At 2.45 I could make out the two figures  
of our peak party in the sky line and it  
was evident they were making a short  
cut by descending a long and steep  
rock slide at least 2000 feet high. It  
was <sup>after</sup> 4.00 o'clock before they reached the  
Lake, very tired and lame. The climb  
had been exceedingly trying, largely  
on broken rock and across slides.  
We were back at Lehman's Carr about  
7.00 o'clock. After putting up material  
we at once turned ~~it~~ in.

Clark's Crow. One on slopes above  
Lake Stella.

Golden Eagle. One seen very close  
by Morgan on summit.

Aphelocoma Jay. A congregation on  
a garbage dump at Lehman's Carr  
in the morning.

Route.



August 26, 1926. Lehman's Can, Nevada  
to Rainbow Valley, House Range, Millard  
Co., Utah.

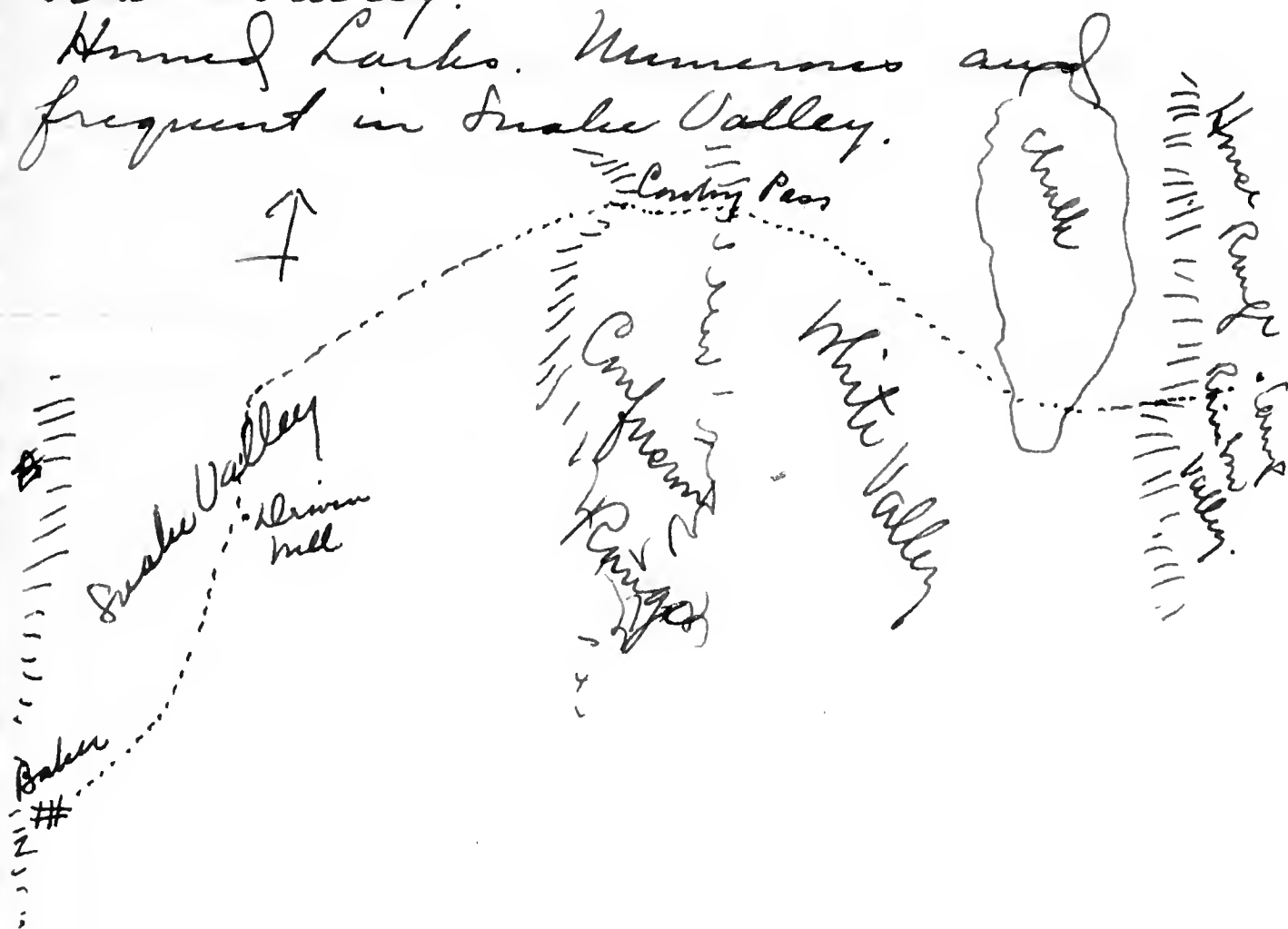
We were active about six and immediately  
after breakfast packed and started down  
the grade to Baker, where we had a  
tire <sup>tube</sup> patched, put on a new faw belt  
and filled up with gas and oil. At  
10.15 we were under way, headed out  
across the unprepossessing Snake Valley,  
~~last~~ bound for Helta, in the Sierr Nevada.  
Our plan was to try to make Marjorie  
Pass in the House Range, nearly sixty  
miles, for our night camp. The Snake  
valley is most unattractive, and exceedingly  
broad, and but little of interest  
to us is to be found in it, although  
we worked at several localities. A  
drum well, making a stock watering  
place just on the Utah line provided  
a suitable environment for Conozoa,  
the first seen so far this trip. Past  
Simmons's Range and Meicham's  
Ranch we travelled then headed more  
east and less north for the ~~now~~  
jumbled Confusion Range which  
we crossed at Country Pass (5700  
feet), about nine hundred feet  
above the general level of Snake  
Valley. We lunched and worked  
at the west foot of Country Pass (  
elev. 5300 feet), then passed the

summit and saw spread out before  
us the forbidding ~~spectacle~~ <sup>spectacle</sup> of White Valley with its chalk beds  
reaching for miles, and bounded on  
the east by the sharp slopes and  
cliffs of the House Range. We had  
been told that the road was bad  
through the chalk beds, and when  
we got down to them we found this  
quite true, although we had but  
about five miles which might really  
be called bad. We worked in some  
forbidding looking hills near the  
floor of the valley and found almost  
nothing. After finally emerging from  
the deep and numerous cuts in the  
powdery chalk we were white in  
color and could only be thankful that  
we did not have to negotiate them  
during or after a rain. The west  
slope of the House Range is very  
steep and the grade up to Marjium  
Pass is very considerable. At 5300 feet  
we worked about the large wash which  
comes down out of Rainbow Valley,  
as the west slope of the canyon leading  
to Marjium Pass is called. The  
canyon walls are very picturesque  
and full of caves large and small,  
certain of which <sup>we</sup> were told contained  
Indian material of cliff dwelling  
character. ~~The~~ Here we found a

small force of men working on the road, and also a small spring, above which, at 5500 feet, we made camp. The road men told us the canyon was full of bats, and Morgan tried unsuccessfully to shoot some, then caught a small, pale myotis as it flew over the spring trough. He followed this up by collecting a series of two pairs of bats there with the aid of his net and a Golden Eagle. One flew over the road ahead of us coming across Snake Valley.

Kildeer. One at dinner mill in Snake Valley.

Horned Larks. Numerous and frequent in Snake Valley.



August 27, 1916. Camp in Rainbow  
Canyon, House Range, Utah to  
Camp at Fillmore, Millard Co., Utah.

We were awake about six, after a  
night which was not at all cool. We  
soon had a good breakfast, replen-  
ished water at the spring below the  
camp and were under way about  
eight. It was two and one-half  
miles to the summit of the pass, <sup>(Marjorie Pass)</sup>  
largely a pull in low gear, winding  
around shoulders of the canyon and  
often taking to the wash. From the  
summit we had a considerable  
view off to the east over the long  
slopes leading down to the Sevier  
basin. It was cold at the summit  
<sup>(6300 feet)</sup> and clouds cut off the sun most  
of the time, so collecting there was  
not exactly pleasant. Very shortly  
we started down the long eastern  
slope of the House Range into  
the southern end of Whirlwind  
valley, steadily dropping at good  
speed as the road was fair. At  
Soap Hollow we worked for some  
time with good results and then  
ran on over the flat and  
desolate unreclaimed portion of  
the Sevier basin north of Sevier  
Lake, which could be seen stretching  
off to the southward. At about

five miles west of Nickley, one of the  
new towns of the Delta-Desert section  
we worked for some time and had  
excellent success, getting among  
other things a clear winged Trinerv-  
trois. Running into the large  
and thriving community of Delta,  
we filled up gas, water, had lunch,  
got three cots and a folding table,  
and a few other things. Just missing  
several good showers, we speeded on  
at a very good clip on excellent roads  
toward Fillmore, thirty miles north-  
east. After working two places  
en route and some difficulty in  
finally selecting a good camping  
place, we stopped for the night  
in a pretty grove of juniper  
about three miles north of Fillmore.  
With the luxury of a camp table  
and cots we were exceedingly  
comfortable.

Raven. One on eastern slope  
of House Range.

Sparrow Hawk. A number about  
Delta.

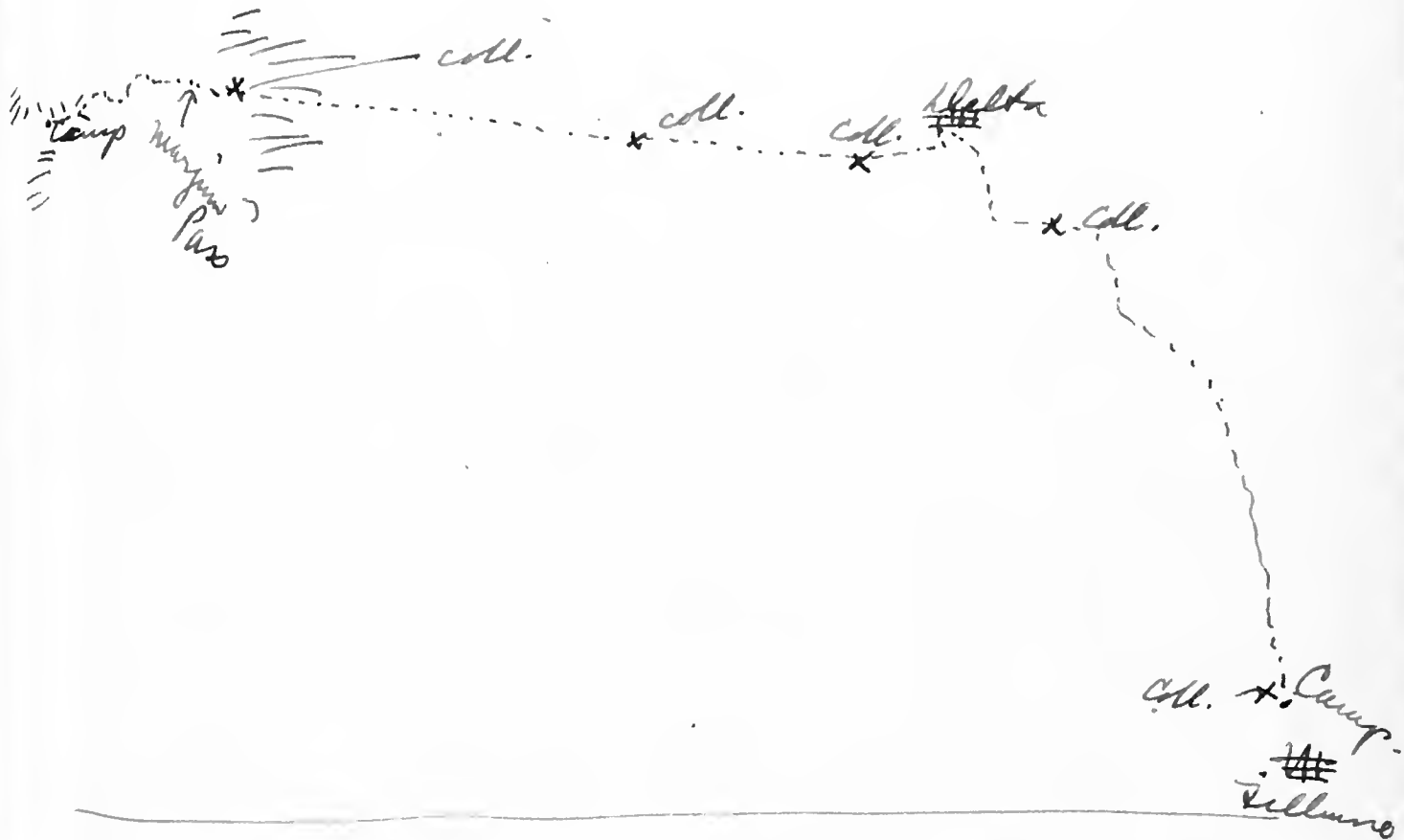
Brewer's Blackbird. Numerous  
in settled areas about Delta.

Killdeer. One near water just west  
of Nickley.

Homed Lark. Numerous west of  
Delta.

Louisiana Tanager. One near Delta  
in irrigated area.

Aug. 27 route



August 28, 1916. Tillman Canyon to  
camp south of Circleville, Piute Co.,  
Utah.

We were astir about six, after a good night's rest. Breakfast was on our way before eight. After getting a few supplies at Billmore, a most attractive Mormon town with broad streets and fine old trees. Some miles along we passed through Kanosh, a very similar town, and beyond this we worked in two different canyons, one on the slopes of reddish hills. Some miles south of

Karrish we crossed Hwy Valley, an area  
encircled by low foothills of the  
Pawant Range, and here we also worked  
on hill slopes with good success. Cor  
Fort a few miles further on is exceedingly  
interesting, & being an old stone rancher  
fort for protection from the Indians.  
The inscription on the gate says  
"Cor Ranch Fort, erected 1867." The  
walls were pierced and topped for  
rifle fire, embrasures also common-  
ding the heavy gates, while two walls  
were lined <sup>inside</sup> with houses. Leaving Cor  
Fort we started across the Clear  
Creek divide to the upper Sevier. The  
up grade on the west side is steep  
and it made "Lena" work hard, but  
on the summit it was a long,  
rather even descent to the Sevier,  
although through <sup>narrow</sup> gorge canyons  
with vertical rock walls at  
several places. We lunched under  
cottonwoods at one pleasant place,  
where the limestone rock was  
deeply eroded. Coming out into  
the Sevier, we turned south and for  
a matter of few miles ran through  
the pronounced Sevier Canyon, which,  
however, widened out at Marysvale,  
a very pleasant town, the terminus  
of a spur of the R. & G. W.

From Marysville we began to look for camping places, but it was well on an hour and we covered about twenty-five miles before we found a place where we could pull off the road and pass the night. The whole country from Marysville to Junction, and beyond to Circleville is highly cultivated & thoroughly fenced for grazing. It was finally about seven o'clock before we were able to make camp in a sage flat a few miles or so beyond Circleville. As we had a pretty heavy wind we prepared the day's catch of more than 250 specimens ~~not~~ sitting in the front of the car.

Kingfisher. One along Clear Creek -  
another along Silver River.

Raven. Several near Kanosh.  
Cassins (?) Kingbird. Numerous  
about Kanosh.

Meadow Lark. Numerous series near  
the settlements.

Brewer's Blackbird. Quite.

Wren. Numerous at a number of  
localities -

Louisiana Tanager. 1 ♀ in Clear  
Creek Canyon near ranches.

Sage Thrasher. Number near Kanosh.

Azure Bluebird. Sev. in Clear Creek  
Canyons

Route Aug. 28

## Tiltman

Parson

## Karsch Mts.

Big Valley

Camp

Tushar Mts

## Marysville

## Junction

## Circleville

Camp.

August 29, 1916. Cicerille Camp to Bryce Canyon, Utah.

The night was cool but I was so well tucked in I wasn't at all cold and awakened but few times. We were up at six, had breakfast, some trouble starting Rena and then I shot a prairie dog a short distance on the road. We reached Panguitch shortly before noon, after collecting several places and facing a steady cold breeze, with a sky full of clouds. At Panguitch we had a little difficulty about licence tags on our car, which however was soon adjusted. Running south from Panguitch for a number of miles, still along the Sevier River, we could see to the east across the river the reddish eroded escarpment of the Pamsanguant Plateau at Castro Canyon and Red Canyon. Our route led up Red Canyon with its bizarre, deep red eroded pillars and slopes. Here we entered "saw log" tall pine, and also had several sprinkles of rain. Steadily climbing we left the canyon and pulled out on the top of the Pamsanguant Plateau which here is largely open with

pine forest in the distance, off to  
the north east the landscape being  
dominated by the great escarpment  
at the south end of Adam's Head.  
Work here in a largely black sage  
environment amazed us by producing  
the rare and little known Pediosci-  
Felis nevadensis, and while we  
all searched long and hard, Morgan  
took the catch, 1 ♂, 1 ♀. Lurching  
here in their march on toward Bryce  
Canyon, stopping to work in the  
open forests and groves of tall pine,  
where we took specimens of two  
short-winged species of Melanophus.  
On the way again we reached  
Bryce Canyon and drank in the  
wonders of that weird and unearthly  
piece of the earth's surface. Its  
tints of pink and orange are un-  
passed and for sheer bizarreness  
one cannot imagine more diversity.  
About five o'clock we ran back along  
the road several miles and camped  
in open pine land, preparing for a  
cold night, as the elevation is 8200  
feet.

Chestnut backed Blackbird. Numerous  
 along San Juan River & in Red Canyon.  
 Louisiana Tanager. One ♀ near  
 Bryce Canyon.  
 Magpies. Numerous about farms  
 in the upper San Juan valley.  
 Brewer's Blackbird. ditto.



Aug. 30, 1926. Bryce Canyon to  
Panguitch Plateau, near Cedar  
Breaks, Utah.

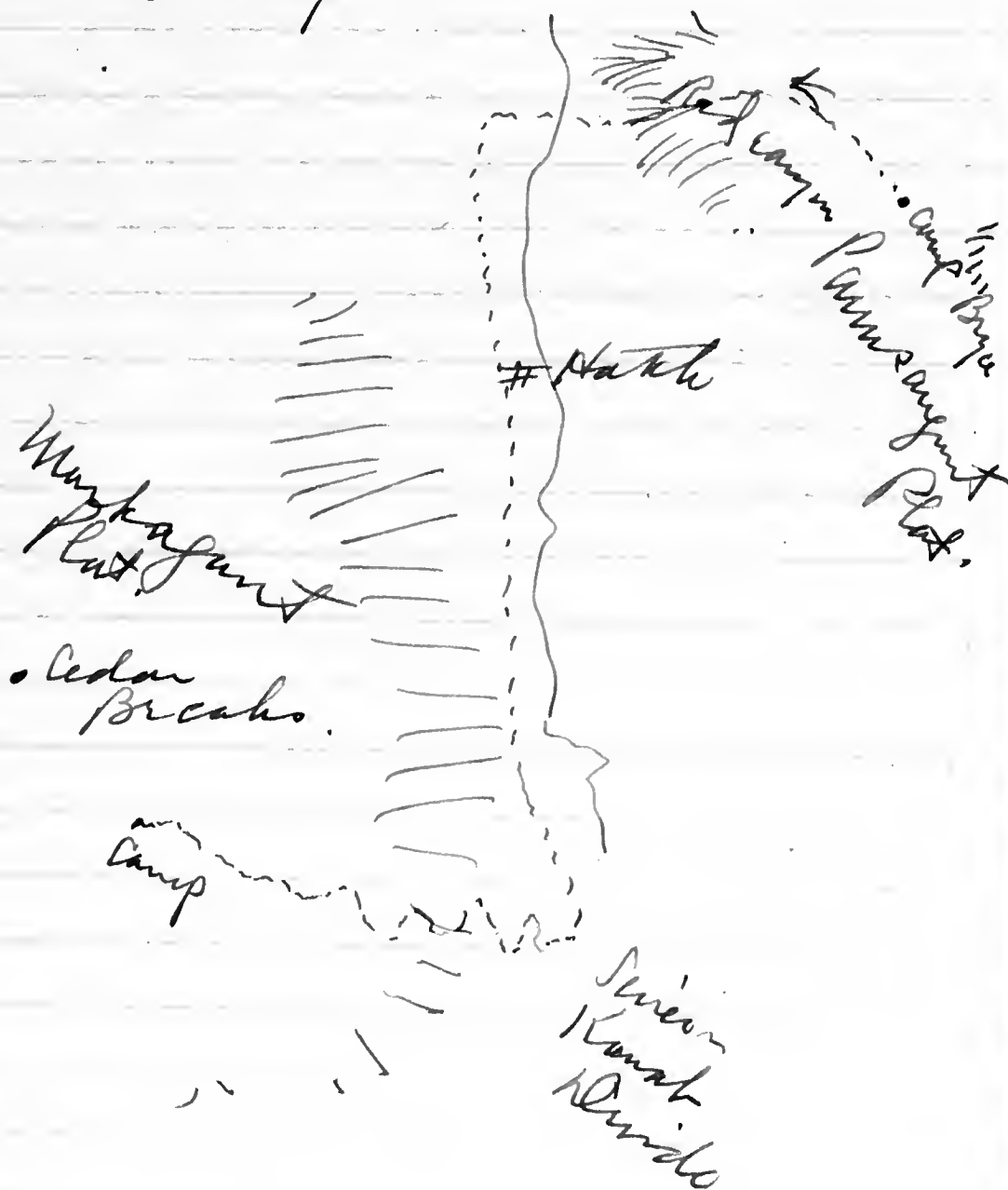
The night was by no means as cold  
as we feared it would be, and as  
we wanted to work in the general  
vicinity of our camp we were not  
particularly early in arising. After  
breakfast and with the promise  
of a perfect day before us, we worked  
for some hours in the open pine  
groves near where we were camped.  
Here we caught a fair ~~sp~~ series of the  
new *Melanoplid* we had taken yester-  
day, as well as a number of other  
good things. Running on some miles  
out on the more open portions of the  
Panguitch Plateau we worked at  
several other places, one where we  
had taken *Pediocirtetes* yesterday,  
vainly endeavoring to get more of  
that species. The wind by this  
time had started blowing very  
strongly, and it continued violently  
all day until evening. Running  
down into the lower portion of  
Red Canyon we had lunch and  
did some collecting, getting one  
*Bradyrotes*, a series of *Cicostethus*  
and several other things. Here I  
took several pictures of the remarkable

erision of the Red Beds formation  
from which the canyon gets its  
name. In its way and on a smaller  
scale it suggests Bryce Canyon.  
Leaving Red Canyon we crossed the  
River and headed south toward  
the town of Hatch, steadily climbing,  
the valley taking on more and  
more the aspect of a mountain  
meadow. At Hatch we took on  
gas and oil and continued  
southward, climbing steadily  
until we reached the road  
which turns westward up on the  
Markagunt Plateau to Cedar  
Breaks. The point at which we  
left the Tanguitch - Kanab road  
is well over 7000 feet, but the first  
four miles of the Markagunt  
road is a succession of heavy  
climbs, and from then on the  
country rolls with more, much  
more, climbing than dropping. The  
Markagunt Plateau is entirely  
different from the Paria Plateau,  
being a heavily wooded -  
pine, fir, spruce - aspen, region  
with open glades and valleys,  
usually with streams. The general  
level is close to 9000 feet and  
there are no open sage areas as  
in the Paria Plateau. We made

camp some miles before reaching  
Cedar Breaks in a glade in fir and  
spruce, protected from the wind  
which had been heavy. Horses hoping  
in unit freeze to-night.

Agave Bluebird. Numerous in  
Sevier Valley.  
Juncos. Numerous in timber  
in Markagunt Plateau.

Route Aug. 30.



Aug. 31, 1926. From camp on Markagunt  
Plateau to camp n. w. of Kanab,  
Utah.

The night was cold, in fact made  
ice in our wash basin, and as we  
later found frosted leaves between the  
camp and Cedar ~~Breaks~~ Breaks. I had,  
however, no difficulty keeping warm  
the way I had my bed made, but  
my covers were so heavy they fairly  
lamed me. A good fire and a  
hot breakfast were most acceptable,  
and then we had trouble getting  
the truck started. It was apparently  
so cold that it took much time  
and energy before it came to life.

From the camp we climbed grades  
and crossed meadows to Cedar  
Breaks, high alpine meadows,  
some with great sheets of lava  
blocking much of them. At Cedar  
Breaks we drank in the grandeur  
of the view from the rim at 10,400  
feet. It is more impressive in  
size than Bryce Canyon, but has  
much less of the wonderful  
coloring and the erosion is not as  
complicated. We collected there  
in really high Hudsonian meadows  
and then dropping down, worked  
at a number of places, chiefly  
meadowy areas, sitting among

Other things both sexes of a Scirix  
and a large series of Melanophus  
brevialis, which swarmed in one  
meadow. We lunched alongside  
of Black Creek, at the lower edge  
of the Canadian Zone, and then  
ran on down hill through the  
burr pine and oak scrub belts,  
to the junction with the main  
north and south road, where we  
turned south in the direction  
of Kanab and the Grand Canyon.  
The junction is at the divide between  
streams flowing north to the  
Great Sink and south to the  
Colorado. Shortly on the divide we  
were in the headwaters of the Virgin  
River, and this we followed for  
nearly thirty miles, partly through  
canyon country and again through  
a region of irrigated fields,  
distinctly warmer and therefore  
more pleasant than any <sup>region</sup> we had  
been in for some few days. Passing  
through Glendale we took on gas,  
and after leaving the little settle-  
ment of Mt. Carmel behind we crossed  
the Virgin and climbed a thousand  
feet up a heavy grade to the  
top of a rolling plateau, where  
we camped under junipers, in  
(almost

the shadow of a great mass of the  
White Cliff Escarpment to the  
east. The cliffs, however, are white  
yellow above and reddish beneath.  
We watched the sunset change their  
colors, then packed material, ~~and~~  
wrote notes and then turned in.

Sparrow Hawks. Numerous on the  
Markagunt Plateau. One hovering  
and apparently catching  
grasshoppers!

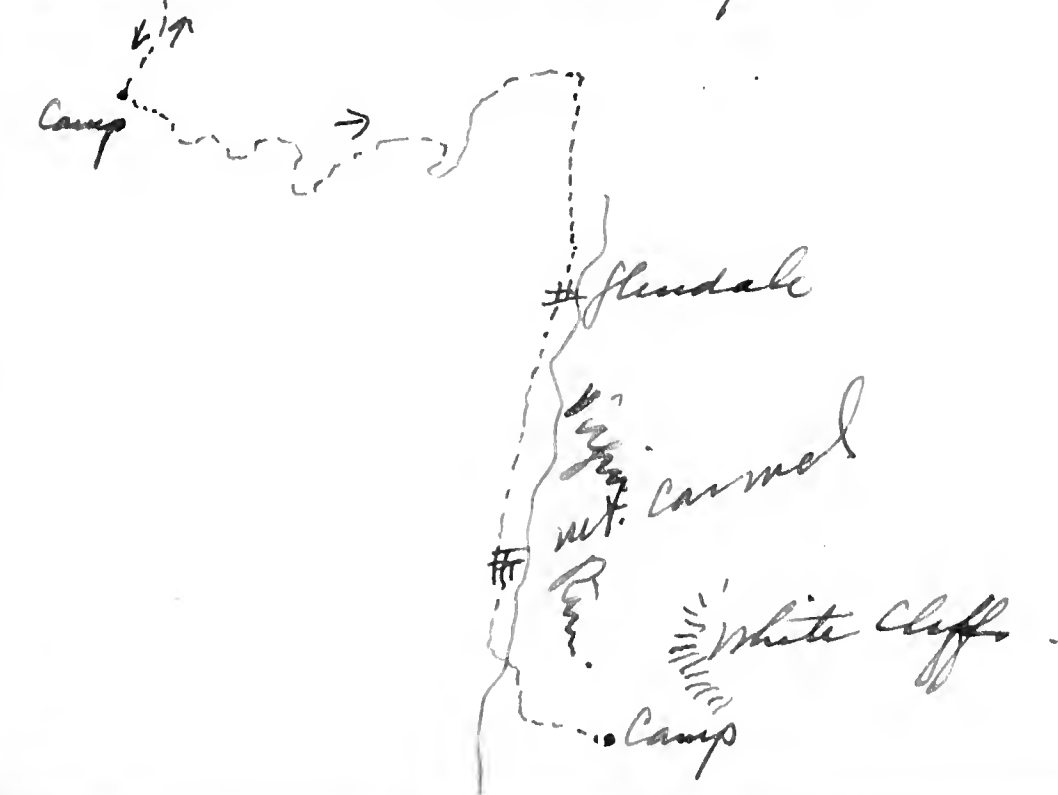
Hum. Numerous. Upper Rio Virgin.  
Azure Bluebird. Very numerous  
above 8000 feet on Markagunt  
Plateau.

Apparently western vesper sparrow.  
Numerous on Markagunt Plat.

Meadow Lark. Sev. Upper Virgin  
River.

Cedar Breaks

Route Aug. 31



September 1, 1926. Camp N. W. of Kanab  
(i.e. under White Cliffs) to camp in  
Kanab Plateau, Arizona.

I was pretty cool in the night, as I  
had shared some of my covers with a  
man who drove in late with his car  
lamps burned out and who in consequence  
could not go down the steep grade to  
the Virgin River. We all had  
breakfast about 7.00, packed and were  
off at eight, working in the areas of  
pinkish sand before we reached  
Three Lakes, and again at the  
latter very attractive spot. Coming  
out into the ~~the~~ canyon of Kanab  
Creek we followed it down through  
the encircling cliffs of red sandstone  
to near Kanab, where we gave the  
last of the escarpment an examina-  
tion, as well as the flat of the valley.  
We had splendid success here as  
well as back in the red sandhills  
under <sup>the</sup> White Cliffs. Running into  
Kanab we bought needed supplies,  
gas, oil, had our timing box overhauled  
and had a splendid lunch, which  
for quality and quantity we could  
not match in Phila. for the price (\$2.65).  
We left Kanab at 1.00 P.M. and a  
mile and a mile and a half south  
in the low Shinarump cliffs we

worked with very good success  
for a considerable time. Crossing  
the Arizona line we worked again  
under the Shinarump Cliffs of  
sandstone just before reaching  
the only settlement of any size between  
Kanab and the Grand Canyon -  
Fredonia. From Fredonia we  
ran southeast for miles on an  
excellent road over the Prismatic  
Plains and then began to climb  
the slopes of the Vermilion Kaibab  
Plateau. The view to the north  
from the escarpment was superb,  
the Vermilion Cliffs, which are  
directly north of Kanab, rising  
like a great step, above which  
the most gigantic rise of the  
White Cliffs stood out sharply,  
while far off the highest of the  
escarpments, the Pink Cliffs, could  
just be defined. We pulled up  
somewhat over two thousand feet  
on the Plateau, through the juniper  
and piñon belt and camped in  
open hill pine forest at about  
7200 feet. Just before we stopped  
to camp a porcupine lumbered  
hurriedly across the path in  
front of us.

Shrike. Numerous near Kanab  
and also along the Rio Virgin  
the past few days.

Raven. One in Prismatic Plains.  
Western Red-tailed Hawk. Close to  
me at Three Lakes.

Horned Larks. Numerous in Prismatic  
Plains. Great Blue Heron. One at

Pinyon Jays. Numerous along <sup>Three Lakes.</sup>  
Kanab Creek.

Long Crested Jay. Several at  
White Cliff camp.

White Sept. 1.

Camp White Cliffs

Three  
Lakes

Vermilion Cliffs.

# Kanab

Cliffs

# Fredonia

Prismatic  
Plains

Kanab

Camp

September 2, 1926. Camp N.W. portion of  
Kaibab Plateau to Bright Angel  
Point and back to camp near former.

We were away about six o'clock and  
after breakfast were soon on the road  
southward. First our course led  
through open forests of bull pine to  
Jacob's Lake Ranger Station, where  
there is also a small service station.  
From our camp to the Ranger Station  
we saw a fine specimen of the white-  
tailed squirrel, and at the service  
station was a beautiful <sup>captain</sup> "tree alive".  
The road steadily rolled higher  
and higher from Jacob's Lake, the  
aspens and firs began to come in  
increasingly as we climbed, until  
no bull pine was left. Here we began  
to see the deer, singles, two and groups  
of four to six, some very close to the  
road. We saw no bucks in the morning,  
all fawns and does, but in the  
afternoon in and near Mc Mott  
Park we saw many bucks, quite a  
few large ones. Running on mile  
after mile, up and down hill,  
around endless curves, we began  
to cross long narrow park-like  
glades, in one of the first of  
which Morgan got a small  
series of Bradynotes. The largest

of these parks in the Mott Park, eight miles long and not more than half a mile wide, with an average elevation of about 5000 feet. The wind all morning had been piercingly cold and up in the firs it was particularly bad. As we approached Bright Angel the grades increased in sharpness and length, and finally in not two miles from the point our truck died on a hill and no amount of work would make her pull it. Feeling that low gasoline was the main reason, we took an empty five gallon can and walked to the camp at Bright Angel Point, where we got five gallons of gas which Mr. Farner took back on the running board of a car, while Morgan and I had lunch, viewed the canyon and picked up some specimens, including the first *Arizona Gymnocerus*. At 3 o'clock we started back to the car and found that after several attempts to get up the hill he had given it up, turned the car and was waiting for us to return. As we wished to camp in warmer climes, down in the juniper and piñon belt, we started back the 44 miles to Jurata Ranger Sta.,

intending to camp about six or more miles beyond that point. The car stepped along fairly, but gave some trouble until we found the difficulty, then did very well. We were afraid of some of the grades in the first eighteen miles from the Point, but we made them all ~~for~~ fortunately. In Mc Motte Park and vicinity we saw lots of deer and tried to take several pictures of them. Speeding along up and down hill, around the innumerable curves, we reached Jacobs Ranger Sta. about sun o'clock, filled up with gas and then pushed on to a camping place in the juniper and piñon. The sunset, which we could glimpse as we ran along, was gorgeous. Making camp in a growing darkness was not pleasant, and after having to replace mantles in the camp I found it's feed needed unhauling, so we lugged along this evening with half our usual light.

Franklin's juncos. A hen and a half from me close at hand at Bright Angel.

Sparrow Hawks. Numerous.

Cassin's Kingbird. Sw. in Mc Motte Park.

White-bellied Swifts. Several at  
higher elevations.  
Audubon's Warbler. One at morning  
camp.

Azure Bluebird. Many at numerous  
points all day.

Long Crested Jays. Numerous at  
lower levels.

Junco. Abundant in woodland.

camp <sup>6000</sup> feet Route Sept. 2.

Camp 7000 feet <sup>up</sup>.

Jard's Lake Ranger Sta

Park

De Motte Park

Ridge here  
reaching 9000 feet.

Plight Angel Pt.  
8150 feet

My impressions of the Grand Canyon were very much like those of other people. The vast depth, the apparently immeasurable distances one can see and the unchanging color tones of the spires and cliffs as the play of light is influenced by passing cloud masses. In the more distant portions of the canyon purplish-blue haze hid distance to the west, and off to the south one could see the outlines of San Francisco Peak, O'Leary Peak and Bill Williams Mountain as haze masses on the horizon. Clearly the view from the north rim is not equal to that from <sup>the</sup> south rim, as the long leading ridges of the north side mask the rim gorge and the plateau from that direction.

September 3, 1926. Camp on slope of Kaibab Plateau to camp nine miles west of Pipe Spring, Coconino Co., Arizona.

While the wind played tag from various directions during the night it did not bother me or prevent me sleeping. Breakfast was very welcome and while out in the brush a doe mule deer came bursting by within six feet of me. We spent an

have also working at the camp and its vicinity, with excellent success, getting a good series of Psychomastax chiefly from its host plant, that called "juniper" by Utahians. Dropping down the grade some hundred feet, but still in the juniper and piñon we spent some additional time very profitably. Leaving the slopes of the Kaibab Plateau entirely we examined several localities while crossing the broad expanse of the so-called "Prismatic Plains", but found relatively little. All day the wind blew steadily, as it has for nearly a week, but probably worse to-day than before, although not as cold as it had been on the Kaibab and Markagunt Plateaus. At Fredonia we caught a new specimen for our light, filled with gas and moved westward toward

Pipe Spring. The road for the fifteen miles between the two was very poor, "rough and chunky" as we were told at Fredonia it would be. We worked at several places between in the shad-scale and rabbit-mud areas, with some success, but the wind made work exceedingly difficult and trying. Many dead mice

covered with loose reddish sand from the Shinarump cliffs to the north, while deep washes were numerous. The dust devils danced and roared and at times the whole road seemed to lift up and swirl at you. At Pipe Spring is splendid water, an old stone fort built to repel Indian attacks and old shade trees. We filled up with good water and moved on to the westward, camping on a low ridge with juniper and piñon nine miles from Pipe Spring. Here Morgan shot a piñon jay.

Rain. One east of Fredonia.  
Sparrow Hawks. A number

September 4, 1926. To camp on Virgin  
Rim, Utah above La Verkin.

We were late arising and after breakfast we discovered that we were at the petrified forest which we had seen noted on maps of this region. We examined the immediate vicinity of our camp, which was on a sandy ridge, and found two considerably sized silicified logs and many fragments, while the ground was literally paved with small fragments. We collected a few pieces to take home. This point

is nine miles west of Pipe Spring.

Our first collecting station for the day was two miles west of our camp in a grassland area which greatly resembled in character and in its lithology the Great Plains. Here we took Hadrotellix, Metatr and many other things characteristic of the same fauna. A stop several miles west proved less productive and the road led us into a series of deep canyons in mesa-like country, with ups and downs very trying and efforts to secure any material here were fruitless. We lunched in one of these canyon valleys, near a single house known as Mt. Murphy, Arizona. A mile and a half away we crossed the Utah line. The road from this point to Hurricane, Utah is almost indescribable, as no work has been done on it in recent years and it is for many miles one succession of ruts and bumps, grades and sheets of dust. Winding slowly along, skirting the Vermilion Cliffs and dodging lava flows, we finally reached the top of Hurricane Cliff, with the little town of Hurricane and its

green fields and meadows spread  
out below us. Farther away was  
the Virgin River itself, to the north-  
westward towered the Pine Valley  
Mts and to the north the southern  
edge of the Colorado Plateau. The  
grade down the Cliff for nearly a  
thousand feet drop was very steep,  
and in certain portions of it we  
had everything we could employ  
making to hold us. We were thank-  
ful when we reached the bottom.  
At Hurricane we got gas, oil, water  
and other things, then we headed  
north we climbed some more and  
then dropped sharply to the Virgin  
River, which here emerges from a  
gorge it has cut in the Hurricane  
Cliff formations. There we found  
Cnillea in fair abundance, and we  
searched for some time along the river.  
Cnillea was noted as high as  
3500 feet in Hurricane Cliff. While  
Morgan got Boreo, Idotes here we did  
not find any of the usual inhabitants  
of Cnillea at this point. La Verdin  
was just at the top of the side  
from the Virgin River, and here we  
bought grapes and peaches, which  
we consumed right off. Some of the

white grapes were seedless and most delicious. From Ka Verkin we climbed over Hurricane Cliff by another, more easily graded yet steep road, and then headed up along the Virgin River, camping some few miles below Rockville at 3200 feet on a small bench near the river. The sunset was marvellous, the cliffs about us and also toward Zion Park adding to the brilliancy of their coloring by taking the sunset tones. As the shades of evening fell the purple to red haze to the west was as vivid as I have seen it anywhere. The mesquite as found growing as far up River. One before reaching Utah line.

Great Horned Owl. Morgan saw me at morning camp.  
Pinyon Jay. Large flock passed close to morning camp.  
Plain Titmouse. One at morning camp.  
Goldfinches. At Ka Verkin.

September 5, 1916. Camp along Virgin  
River below Rockville to camp in  
hills southwest of Reed, Washington  
Co., Utah.

The night was not at all cold and  
was with greatly reduced clouds I  
slept very comfortably. The early  
morning light tinted the bluffs and  
pinnacles about us with various  
shades and tints and made a lasting  
impression. After breakfast and camp  
duties we started up the road to see  
and work in Zion Canyon. We wound  
around through the hills, largely  
basalt, on a good road, with the  
pinnacles and peaks of Zion Park  
becoming nearer and nearer, and  
higher and higher. Turning sharply  
to the northward we left the Virgin  
River and followed up the Mukuntu-  
weap (Zion Creek), through Springdale  
to the Ranger Station at the entrance  
to Zion Park. The great pinnacles  
and peaks which border the canyon  
and park on either side towered  
above us. We worked about a mile  
inside the entrance, then again  
up at the turnaround at the end  
of the auto road. We found a  
fine Olecanthus and a Platyspermum  
by beating and several very

interesting Melanopli. We noted  
one very interesting case of invasion  
of biotic conditions high up on  
the side walls of the canyon. On the  
top of one of the domes we could see  
pinyon, far below it bull pine, and  
even below this in a rift where  
sunlight could not readily penetrate  
and with a rill of water was a  
marked patch of spruce or fir.

We left the park and running down  
to Springdale had our lunch at  
the roadside, eating a large mush  
melon which we had bought along  
the road. Retracing our route  
past the morning camp and on,  
we dropped down off Hurricane  
Cliff and ran along to the town  
of Tropicville, an old settlement  
with many fig trees, melon patches,  
sorghum, corn and almond groves.  
Filling up with gas and water we  
turned southeast from the main  
road northward, which leads to  
Cedar City and Beaver, and headed  
toward St. George. Just beyond the  
Tropicville we worked in a sand  
area and caught the first Utah  
Crinia. Passing through Reed's  
we camped on the hills to the south  
with a full desert vista before us,

just as the sunset turned the  
distant Beaver Dam Mts. to  
steel blue. Morgan caught Pigra-  
tella and Cycloptilum here, the  
former with Amiana + Cirilla  
showing the Run Sonoran  
influence markedly. We put up  
material until nearly eleven o'clock.

Arhansas (or Casensis?) Kingbird.  
Numerous on telephone wires along  
Virgin River below Zion Park.  
Shrike. One ditto.  
Sparrow Hawk. Numerous ditto.

September 6, 1946. Camp southwest of  
Lordsburg to camp on west side of Beaver  
Dam Mountains, Washington Co.,  
Utah.

The morning dawned with the  
sky heavily clouded, though around  
noon they broke away somewhat, so  
gather with added force toward  
evening when we were crossing the  
Beaver Dam Mountains and it  
stayed with us much of the night.  
We passed through the old mining  
town of Harrisburg shortly after  
leaving our morning camp. Work  
here was quite productive, as was  
also that near the little community

of Middleton. We reached St. George about noon, and put our ~~bed~~ in the garage for new ~~bed~~ brake lining, greasing of rear construction, shocker tightening, etc., while we had lunch. St. George is an attractive town with wide streets and generous shade and a ~~an~~ general air of prosperity. It was three o'clock before we were able to leave, and we saw us up the valley of Santa Clara Creek, past the little settlement of Santa Clara, and then turned westward to cross the Beaver Dam Mountains. The whole country ahead of us was in storm, and from near the summit of the grade we had <sup>rain</sup> down the west side to where we decided to make camp. On the eastern slope we passed through the Shivwits Indian Reservation, by the Indian School and other buildings. But a short distance down on the west side we encountered our old friend, the Yucca or Joshua tree, and it continued down to the level of our camp. We stayed under the corner of the car until the rain stopped at eight o'clock, then cooked supper and started to put up material. The wind started up, so we pitched

the little tent and finished our  
work in it, while several others passed  
on. I bedded down in the car and  
Wynne and Mr. Farner sheltered in the  
tent.

Birds. One in slough along Santa  
Clara Creek.

Tanager ♀? Size of scarlet w. tanager.  
Keep his feet with apparent  
paler wing bars. In a low bush  
seeking shelter from strong wind in  
Santa Clara Creek valley.

Rain. Several at Alt. camp.

September 7, 1916. Camp on west side  
of Beaver Blain Mts., Utah to camp  
on bench south of Virgin River, 15 m.  
E. of Glendale, Nevada.

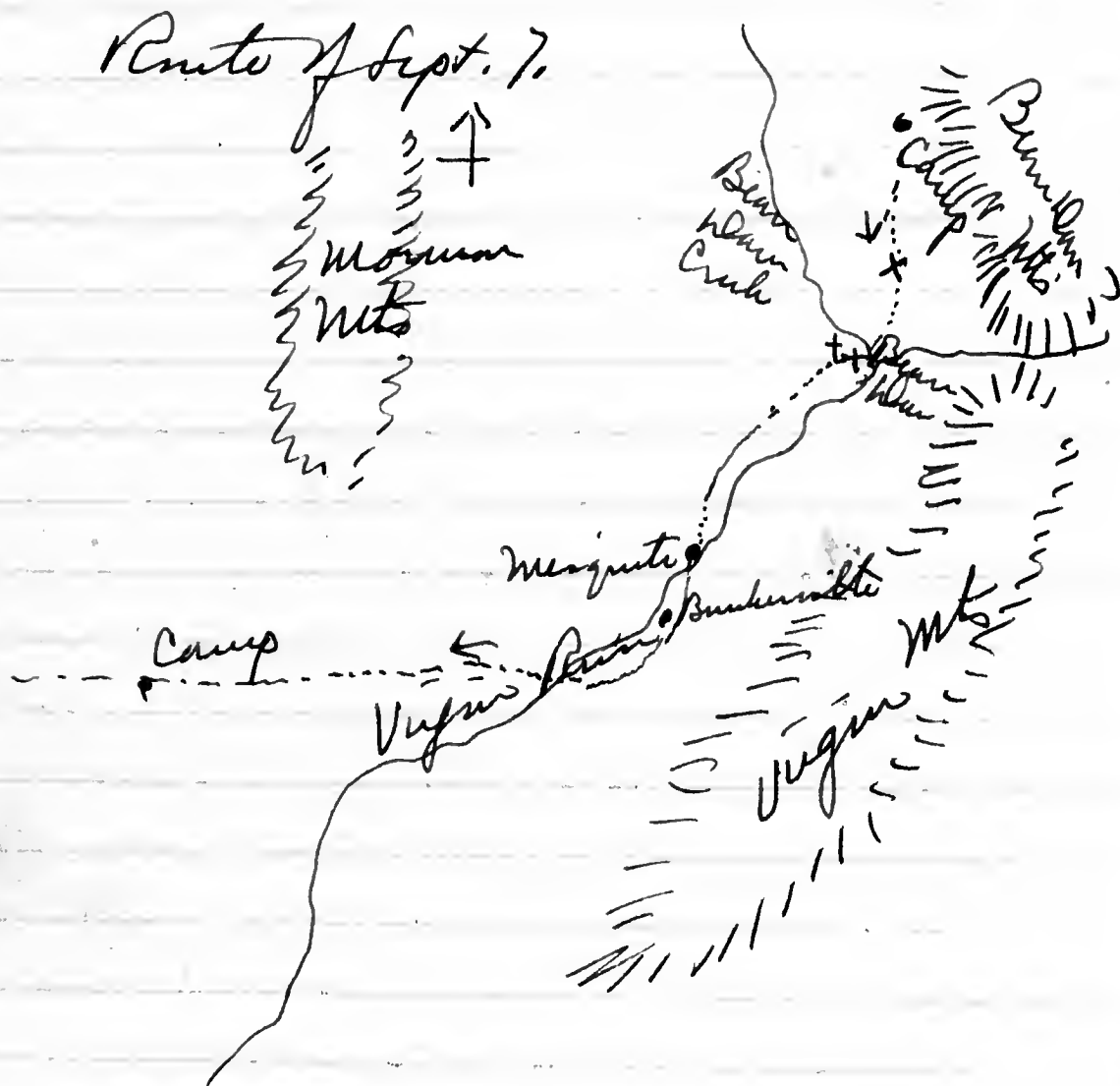
The rain came about 1.30 AM and  
from then until morning we had it  
with considerable frequency, generally  
with wind, which beat it in under  
the loose tail curtains of the truck  
and wind has soaked my bedding  
but for the horse blanket, which I  
used as a cover. I did not have  
enough room to stretch out and so  
a while I passed a very uncomfortable  
night. At eight we untangled  
ourselves and managed to get  
some hot breakfast, although the

gray clouds all about threatened rain any minute. Shortly after ~~noon~~ rain came on the river down the grade, and finally the sun came out and rain troubled us no more to-day. We crossed the Arizona line but a few miles down the slope from our camp, and walked but a short distance southwest of it, getting Boutellia for the first, although we had looked for them

and Hierotima delicatulum in dustiness for two days. To the south of the point where we walked rose the running Virgin Range, separated from the Bear River Mountains by a very narrow deep gorge, through which passed the Virgin River. To the west rose the Mormon Mts., while far off to the west we imagined we could make out Charleston Peak. Continuing down the grade, having left the "joshuas" far behind, we reached the little settlements of Bear River and Littlefield, Arizona, at the former of which we walked in the brush bottoms along the Bear River Creek and on the bench just above it. Large mesquite and arrow-wood stand line the creek bottom, which had considerable water and showed

distinct evidence of having had much  
sun in the last twenty-four hours.  
We ~~pass~~ steadily dropped in elevation  
as we moved southward. Crossing  
the Arroyo line we were soon at Mesquite,  
an apparently prosperous agricultural  
community where we bought a lot of  
The delicious small seedless grapes  
and several casaba melons. A fire  
needed attention and after this and  
lunch we moved on, down the Virgin  
River, on an excellent road, past  
Bunkerville, crossing the river  
before reaching Bunkerville and again  
after leaving it some miles. There  
was much up and down, short but  
steep grades and many deep arroyos  
to cross. We crossed along the banks  
of the Virgin River at the second  
crossing, here only about 1200 feet  
above sea-level, and the heat was very  
considerable. From the river the road  
pulls up by two long grades to the  
second and far higher bench north  
of the river, where at about three  
thousand feet are scattered "Joshua  
trees. Here we made camp, had a  
delicious dinner and laid down  
under the stars.

Arkansas - Cassin's Kingbird.  
 Found in cultivated areas along Virgin  
 River.



September 8, 1926. From camp on bench  
 north of Virgin River to St. Thomas  
 and back to camp at canyon of  
 Muddy Creek, Ross Clark Co., Nevada.

The night was pleasant and we  
 had a wonderful sunrise over the  
 mesa with the distant high  
 peaks forming a wonderful setting.  
 On the morning shortly after eight we  
 ran on to Glendale, which is merely  
 a filling station and refreshment  
 stop, but a very welcome one in a

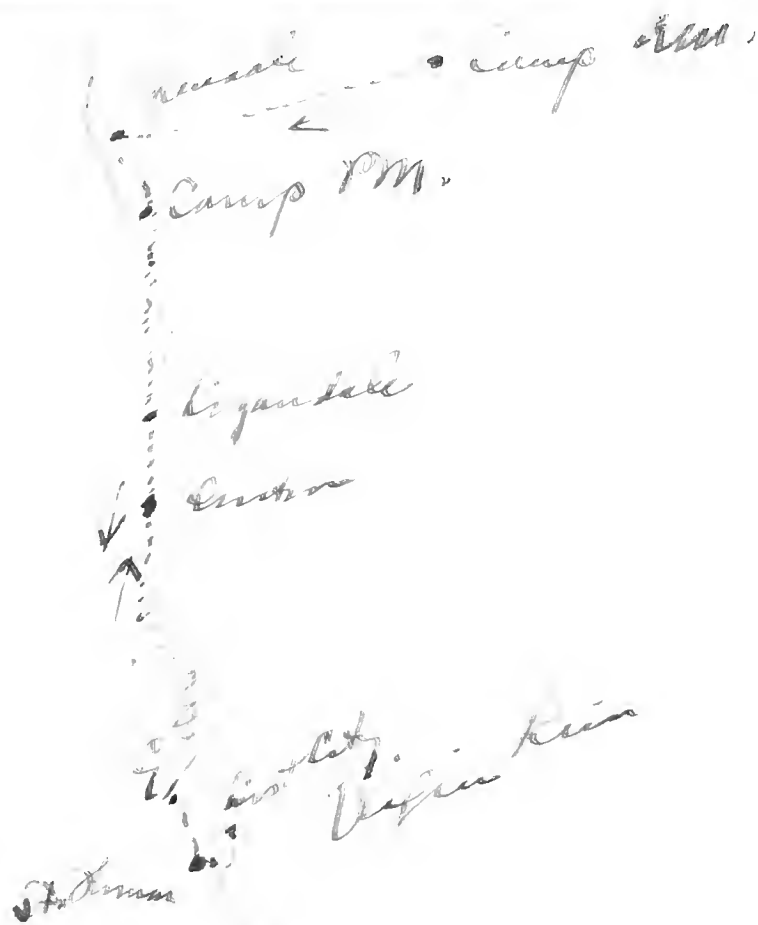
Long stretch. Here we turned south  
down the valley of Muddy Creek, with  
a road variably described but which  
we found to be as a whole very good.  
A few miles from Glendale we passed  
through several gorges where the Muddy  
has cut through solid hills several  
hundred feet high. We at once picked  
this spot as the place for our coming  
camp. Just beyond the gorge the  
valley of the Muddy opened out and  
~~was~~ is now an important agricultural  
region with melons, grapes, alfalfa,  
corn, kaffir corn, some pineapples  
and other things. About Antone  
is the center of agricultural activity,  
and south of that toward St. Thomas  
there is a diminution of prosperous  
looking places. We worked at Logan-  
dale, just north of Antone, and  
lunched near there under two large  
fan-palms on an abandoned property.  
About St. Thomas, which is just above  
the junction of Muddy Creek and  
the Rio Grande, and which was as  
far down as we had planned to go,  
we worked in a variety of environment,  
hill slopes, mud flats, etc. From St.  
Thomas we traversed two miles of  
sandy road to the so-called "Lost  
City of Aranda," a scattered Indian

pueblo which has been recently ex-  
cavated in part. It is said to have  
fifty-five houses scattered over the  
hill side, the most complete of which  
has been entirely excavated. One  
whole skeleton has been located and  
has been kept in situ under cover.  
Leaving St. Thomas we ran back  
to the place we had picked for a  
camp and settled in a most  
delightful rock in the cliffs, soon  
had supper and then all visited  
the creek and had a good wash,  
personally and clothing. The  
water was very pleasant, but the  
current exceedingly strong. Elev.  
of camp. 1700 feet.

Road-runner. A number at  
various places in Muddy Valley.  
Barn Owl. Two flushed from  
hole in cliff near St. Thomas.  
Sparrow Hawk. Numerous -  
Muddy Valley

Black Phoebe. One near Orono.

Quail (?) several coveys - Muddy Valley.  
Species? could not see breasts.  
Rn. Common - Muddy Valley.



September 9, 1916. Camp at Muddy  
Creek Canyon, Nevada to camp at road  
pass in Beane Ham Mts., Utah.

We were up about six thirty after a  
pleasant night, when light coming  
was in order for most of the time, but  
toward morning heavier wrappings  
were needed. After breakfast we  
noticed that the uptilted and  
badly faulted limestone beds about  
the camp contained many vertebrate  
bones, most of them broken or crushed  
but very evident and abundant.  
We found one bush, which was in a  
detached rock, but it got badly  
broken in the shake-up the roads  
gave us later in the day.

Running back to Glendale we took on  
gas and water, then started back  
across the twenty mile truck road  
Bunkerville. The day was glorious  
though pretty hot, and the car ran  
well when she once got started, which  
took place only after considerable  
effort. Coming down the escarpment to  
the Virgin River we worked about  
three hundred feet below the rim and  
about the same distance above where  
we had worked on the westward trip.  
The results were few and relatively  
unimportant. At Bunkerville we  
endeavored to buy some melons and  
were directed where to go some miles  
away, near Mesquite, Nevada. After  
crossing the second ~~to~~ bridge on the  
Virgin River we stopped where directed  
and bought some fine muskmelons,  
as well as ate several most excellent  
water-melons. From Mesquite to Little-  
field, Arizona the grades are  
numerous and bad, one constant  
succession of climbs and drops  
on the finger-like projections of  
a tableland, while the surface  
of the road produced a steady  
thumping, with large ruts well  
distributed. This portion of the  
route was production of more

smashed eggs, tangled equipment  
and jammed parking than anything  
encountered so far. "Lizzie" gave us  
trouble on one hill by dying from the  
heat, and we had to let her run  
down ~~the~~ backwards and then jack  
her back wheel up to start her. We  
reached Littlefield and adjacent  
Beaver Dam, Arizona with all  
our teeth in place, but about every-  
thing else shaken loose. Looking  
back on the country we had been  
in for the past two days was a beau-  
tiful sight, the distance leading  
a blue haze to the mountains we  
were leaving behind. Soon we were  
on the long upgrade of ten miles or  
more on the west side of the Beaver  
Dam mountains, and when we  
crossed the Utah state line we  
stopped and worked for a consid-  
erable time. We added Bortettia  
and ~~Mes~~ Microtremma delicatulum  
to the Utah list. Another run past  
our last camp on this side of the  
mountains - the west camp - brought  
to the canyon leading to the road  
pass. Here we worked again, in the  
last (upper) groups of the Cnillea  
and among other things we got the  
first Utah record of Mesara conleae.

The "Joshua tree" reached this elevation (4000) in fair number and a few straggled almost to the road pass (4600 feet), mixing with the juniper of the higher land, there the characteristic tree (a few pinyon as well). We made camp at the road pass, and while in put up material Stagmomantis californica put in its appearance. The night promises to be much cooler than last night in Muddy Creek.

Marsh Hawk. One flying at Mesquite, Nevada.

Raven. One on mesa betw. Glendale and Buckhornville, Nevada.

September 10, 1926. From camp at Summit of road pass in Bear Horn Mts. to camp near Luedo, Washington Co., Utah.

As we were late getting into bed last night in account of amount of work, it was about seven o'clock when we arose this morning. Mosquitoes of unknown origin bothered us quite a little, but my method of covering kept them from biting me anywhere but on the face. After breakfast we examined the general neighborhood and found something, but not a

great variety. "Juniper", however, yielded  
a fair series of Psychomastax. Running  
easily down the eastern slope of the  
Bramble Mt., through the Shiverts  
Indian Reservation, we had wonderful  
views of sections of the Vermilion Cliffs  
with the Pine Valley Mts. forming  
behind them. Along the Santa Clara  
Creek above Santa Clara we worked  
the river bed, getting Ellipses but  
nothing else. After filling up with  
gas, oil and water at St. George,  
we ran down into the bottom-land  
near the Virgin River, on the outskirts  
of the town. Here we had excellent  
success in a set of conditions we had  
not examined in that general vicinity.

Running on to the east, through  
Middleton, Washington, and Harroburg  
and Leeds, we made camp about  
a mile east of the latter town, in a  
open grove of cedar, at an elevation  
of 3200 feet. We had a wonderful  
dinner and then ate beans, eggs,  
bacon and casaba melons until  
our limit was reached.

Rain. Sev. at A.M. camp.

Shrike: ditto.

Woodhouse Jay. A number at A.M.  
camp, very familiar, talkative  
and busy in cleaning up all  
odds & ends of food.

Turkey Buzzard. One on Santa Clara  
Creek.  
Road Runner. Two near St. George.

September 11, 1926. From camp near  
Reeds, Washington Co. to camp just  
E. of Iron Springs, Iron Co., Utah.

Storms all around us developed  
in the early hours of the morning  
and shortly before two o'clock I was  
seeking the shelter of the truck com-  
~~ing~~ after driving the food safely and  
putting down the side curtains. Being  
the tent as an extra rear cover I  
was able to ward off rain more  
certainly than the rest of the night in the  
Bears Ears Mts., but fortunately  
except for the morning sprinkle we  
apparently had no more. However, I  
made myself fairly comfortable and  
slept pretty well. The day dawned  
with storms all about and we had  
them so all morning, but fortunately  
missed them all. We were on the  
road shortly after nine, by way of  
Andromis Ranch, Belleme, Kanarra  
and Cedar City, steadily rising from  
about 3500 feet at the morning camp  
to 6000 feet near Cedar City. We worked  
somewhat south of Kanarra at two  
different elevations, with, however, but

in different success. At Cedar City  
we filled up gas & oil, as well as water,  
and laid in a few needed groceries,  
as well as three T-bone steaks. Heading  
west <sup>across</sup> Cedar Valley toward the Iron  
Mts., we had a most wonderful  
view in back of us of the west escap-  
ment of the Markagunt Plateau  
with Cedar Breaks far up above  
us. The upper levels had had a  
heavy frost and the aspens were  
golden yellow patches in the mountain  
slopes, while some brush had been  
burned a most brilliant carmine  
splashing the mountain side like patches  
of blood. Cedar Valley west of Cedar City  
is largely fenced and cultivated or  
used as <sup>fenced</sup> range, but near the north-  
eastern spur of the Iron Mountains  
the junipers come down to and cross  
the road and here the trees are spaced,  
the ground clear and the whole  
park-like. We saw many prairie-  
dogs here and just west of Iron  
Springs and secured an old female.  
We walked about a mile and a half  
west of Iron Springs in Escalante  
pleasant conditions, getting little.  
Running east again to the park-like  
country we made camp under  
the junipers, had a wonderful

steak dinner, put up our stuff and turned in to sleep the sleep of the just. The sky was almost clear, just occasional flashes of lightning off to the northeast toward Bryce Canyon.

Woodhouse Jay. Several at our Iron Mt. camp.

Sparrow Hawk. At a number of points en route.

Turkey Buzzard. One near Anderson's Ranch.

Horned Larks. Large flocks in Cedar Valley and adjacent portion of the Escalante Desert.

~~Red~~ Shrike. Numerous en route.

Blue Bird. Quite a few near Iron Springs.

September 12, 1926. Iron camp near Iron Springs, Iron Co. to camp 10 miles S. of Beaver, Beaver Co., Utah.

Up about 6.45 I skinned the prairie dog, and the piyon jay which Morgan shot before breakfast. Shaving was also in order for all, then we moved on - first back to Cedar City to have our tickets validated, then northward up the Arrowhead Trail, through Summit, where we unloaded for a short while, then into Parowan, and off to the west

toward Little Salt Lake (Parowan  
Lake). We lunched on melons  
near Parowan, then ran on  
the salt pans, where we worked for  
some time. We had but in different  
successes as far as variety and  
numbers were concerned at all the  
stations examined during the day.  
Returning to Parowan for gas,  
we proceeded through Paragonah  
and into the Buckhorn Valley  
at the northeastern end of the  
long Parowan Valley, working there  
for a while, and finally made camp  
in juniper <sup>+ piñon</sup> covered hills about ten  
miles from Beams. Before dinner  
M. & I worked the hill slopes and  
he took the prize of the day -  
Psychomastax on "Juniper." We  
~~stop~~ dined on steak, eggs, bacon,  
rice and coffee, while we saw the  
last sunset in camp for the  
trip. It was beautiful in particular  
through the steel blue of the mountains  
in the distance to the southward.

Rain. Scarcely near Parowan.  
Sparrow Hawk. Numerous.  
Piñon Jay. Number at morning  
camp - one secured.

September 13, 1926. Camp 10 m. S. of  
Beaver to Milford, Utah.

We were up about six o'clock and just  
as I sat up in my cot I had a nose-  
bleed which did not fully stop for  
nearly three hours. Plugging did  
not stop it but finally I got it  
under control ~~by~~ by the use of cold  
clothes on the back of my neck and  
at the base of my nose. We were in  
the room considerably before eight  
and were in Beaver by 8.30.

Getting the most of the grime off  
and packing occupied us until  
after eleven, then lunch, into the  
truck with trunks & bags, and  
off for Milford. We were there by  
two-thirty, got our pullman and  
checked-in at the hotel. A T-bone  
steak for dinner was a fitting  
close for our western trip, and  
then to bed shortly after nine.

White Pelicans. Numerous near  
reservoir at Minersville.

Brewer's Blackbird. Numerous  
at Beaver, Minersville and  
Milford.

Maggie. Several near Beaver.

September 14, 1926. Milford, Utah  
and en route home.

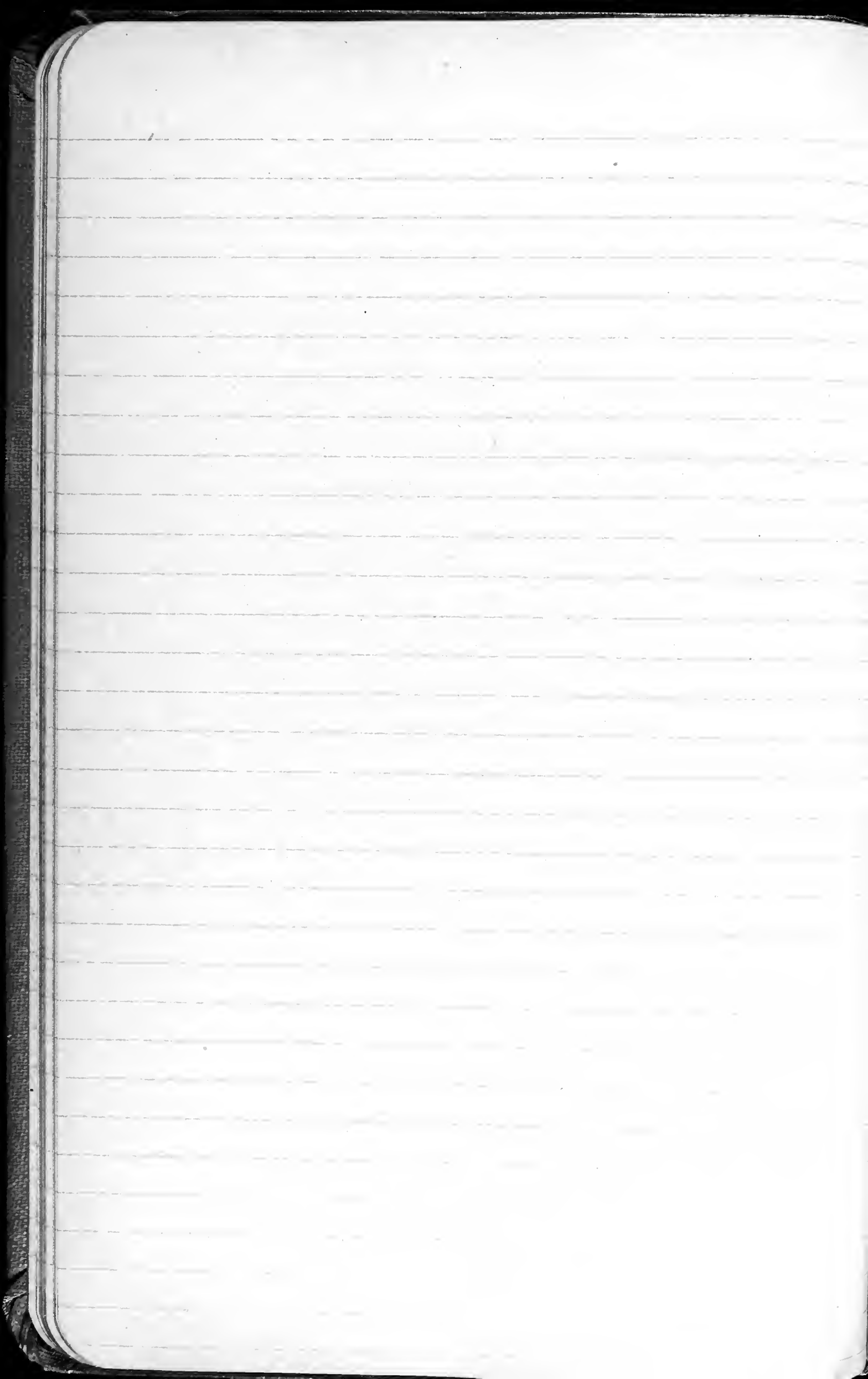
We were up at six and shortly  
before seven we left on the "Los  
Angeles Limited" homeward  
bound.

White Pelicans. Ragsy groups on  
Parch Lake near Stockton,  
Utah.

Sept. 15, 1926. Numerous  
magpies in Nebraska west  
of and for short distance  
east of Sidney.

Sept. 16, 1926. Amer. Egret. <sup>Chis e.</sup>  
<sup>of Mt. Wayne</sup>  
<sup>and.</sup>

Sept. 17, 1926. Arrived in  
Philadelphia on  
"Manhattan Limited" at  
7.24 AM.







Film #16 Exp. #1. Looking west across canyon  
of Beavers Blows Mt. at camp of morning  
of Sept 9 (top of grade). Sept. 10. 8.45 AM.  
16 stop  $\frac{1}{50}$ .

Exp. #2. From same point looking S. W.  
over down canyon & over desert country W.  
of Beavers Blows Mt. Same data.

Exp. #3. Vermilion cliffs N. E. of  
Santa Clara Creek (Shoshone Indian  
Reservation) from E. slope of  
Beavers Blows Mt. 11.15 AM. (Pine  
Valley Mts. in distance). 16 stop.  $\frac{1}{50}$

Exp. no. 4. Cedar Breaks - west escarpment  
of Markagunt Plateau from Cedar  
Valley. Sept. 11. 3.15 P.M.  $\frac{1}{20}$  20 stop.

Exp. no. 5. Same as #4 but from 10 m.  
west in Escalante Desert, one mile  
E. ~~W.~~ of Iron Spgs. 4.45 P.M. 20 stop.  $\frac{1}{20}$

exp.  
Film 14, no. 1. Vermilion Cliffs just  
west of Pipe Spring, Arizona.  
5.00 PM.

Film 14 exp. no. 2. Glen Canyon near  
Mt. Murphy, Ariz. near Utah line.

Exp. no. 3. Butte in canyon at  
Mt. Murphy, Ariz. near Utah line.

Nov. 16 stop.  $\frac{1}{50}$

Exp. no. 4. Bluffs on south side of Virgin  
River at Camp of night of Sept 4.  
8.30 AM.  $\frac{1}{50}$  16 stop.

Expos. no. 5 & 6. Zion Park views Taken  
just above Ranger Sta. 11.45 AM.  
16 stop.  $\frac{1}{50}$

Film 15. exp. no. 1. Virgin Peak, Virgin Mts.,  
Nevada from top of upper bench on north  
side of Virgin River. 5.45 P.M. 16 stop.  
 $\frac{1}{50}$ .

Film 15 exp. no. 2. Looking down Virgin  
River from same pt. Same data.

Film 15. exp. no. 3. General view of hills  
at "Host City of Nevada." 2.30 PM.  
 $\frac{1}{100}$  16 stop.

Film 15. exp. no. 4. Portion of recently  
discarded houses at same. Same  
data.

Exp. no. 5. Looking up canyon of  
Muddy Creek, Nevada from  
camp. 8.20 AM. Sept. 9.  $\frac{1}{50}$  16 stop.

Exp. no. 6. Camp at canyon on  
Muddy Creek. Same data.

Exp. no. 4. Frost at same camp 8.45 AM.  
 $\frac{1}{25}$  16 stop.

Exp. no. 5-6. Cedar Breaks, Mescalero  
Plateau. 9.40 AM.  $\frac{1}{50}$  16 stop.

Film no. 11. Exps. 1-2. ditto.

No. 3. Habitat of Melanoplus brealis  
in meadow near Cedar Breaks.

10.40 AM.  $\frac{1}{50}$  16 stop.

No. 4-5. Lava beds about 8 m. below  
Cedar Breaks. 12.15 PM. 16 stop.

$\frac{1}{50}$ .

No. 6. Red-yellow cliffs (i.e. White  
Cliffs) just east of camp between  
Mt. Carmel & Kanab. Aug. 31. 6.00 PM.  
 $\frac{1}{25}$  20 stop.

Film no. 12 Exp. # 1. White Cliffs and  
habitat of Trimerotropis agrestis  
type. 16 miles near Kanab than  
camp. 7.20 AM.  $\frac{1}{50}$  16 stop. Sept. 1.

Film no. 12 Exp. # 2. Camp on rim of  
Kaibab Plateau. Sept. 2. 7.50 AM.  
 $\frac{1}{25}$  sec. 16 stop.

Expos. 3-6 Grand Canyon rim at  
Bright Angel ~~to~~ Point.

Film 13. Exp. no. 1. ditto.

Exp. no. 2-4. View in Hermit's Park  
Kaibab Plateau. Late afternoon.

Exp. no. 5. "Juniper" Host plant of  
Psychromorpha. Slopes of Kaibab  
Plateau. 9.45 AM. 16 stop.  $\frac{1}{50}$ .

Exp. no. 6. General conditions at  
same. Same data as above.

7.45 AM. Aug. 27.  $\frac{1}{25}$  sec. 16 stop.  
Exp. no. 6. Looking down ditto. Same data.  
Film No. 7. Exp. no. 1. Camp in ditto.  
Same data.

Exp. no. 2. Fillmore Camp, 3 m. N. of  
Fillmore, Utah. 7.30 AM. Aug. 28. 16 stop.  
 $\frac{1}{25}$  sec.

Exp. no. 3. View N. E. across Hoz Valley.  
Millard Co., Utah. 11.50 AM. Aug. 28.  
16 stop.  $\frac{1}{50}$  sec.

Exp. no. 4. Mt. Kelano, Baldy & Mt.  
Belknap from Clear Creek at about  
6800 feet. 1.15 PM. Aug. 28. 22 stop.  $\frac{1}{25}$

Exp. no. 5. Erosion in Clear Creek Canyon,  
Utah. <sup>times one</sup> 6200 feet 2.00 PM. 16 stop. too.

Exp. no. 6. View Clear Creek Canyon  
from 6200 feet. Same data

Film no. 8, Exp. no. 1. Immediate habitat  
for *Pediocirtalis*. Paria Canyon Plateau.  
2.00 PM.

Expos. no. 2-6. Bryce Canyon  
Film no. 9. Exp. nos. 1-4. ditto.

Exp. no. 5. Camp in pine forest near  
Bryce Canyon. 7.00 AM. Aug. 30.  $\frac{1}{25}$  sec.  
16 stop.

Exp. no. 6. Red Canyon wall erosion  
near entrance. 1.00 PM. 16 stop  $\frac{1}{50}$ .

Film no. 10. Exp. 1-2 Same as 9 #6.  
Exp. 3.

Exp. no. 3. Camp in ravine on Markagunt  
Plateau. 7.30 AM. 16 stop.  $\frac{1}{25}$ .

Exp. # 3 - 5. Wah Wah Camp and N (no. 4)  
and S. (no. 5) of same. 7:30 AM  
18 stop.  $\frac{1}{20}$  sec. Aug. 24.

Exp. # 6. Over Pine Valley to W. of  
Wah Wah Mts. same time 16 stop.

Film No. 4. Exp. no. 1. Mt. Wheeler from  
N. from Stella Lake trail. Elev. of view -  
point ab. 8200 feet. 8:15 AM. Stop. 16.  
 $\frac{1}{50}$  sec. Aug. 25.

Exp. no. 2 - 6. Views of W. from Mt Wheeler  
trail taken by Morgan. Aug. 25

Film No. 5. Exp. no. 1. Stella Lake.  
16 stop.  $\frac{1}{25}$  sec. 4:40 PM. Aug. 25.

Exp. no. 2. Mt Wheeler from Stella  
Lake. Same data

Exp. no. 3. Meadows at Stella Lake.  
Same data.

Exp. no. 4. Outfit with Mr. Farrer and  
Pinto children at Baker, Nev. Aug. 26.  
10:10 AM. 16 stop.  $\frac{1}{100}$ .

Exp. no. 5. Machine in chalk dust.  
White Valley, Millard Co., Utah. 4:05 PM.  
to 16 stop. Aug. 26.

Exp. no. 6. Looking across White Valley  
from hill to House Range, Millard  
Co., Utah.  $\frac{1}{100}$  20 stop. 4:10 PM.

Film no. 6. Exp. 1 - 4. Rainbow Valley  
west side of Marjorie Pass, House  
Range, Millard Co., Utah. 5:05 PM.  
 $\frac{1}{100}$  16 stop.

Exp. no. 5. Looking up. Rainbow Canyon,  
House Range, Millard Co., Utah, from camp.

Film exposures

Film #1. Exp. #1. Helang Peak from stop  
on saddle north of Merchant's Creek Valley.  
8.00 AM. 16 stop.  $\frac{1}{50}$  sec. Aug. 21.

#2 Baldy & Belknap Peaks from  
ditto. Same data.

#3. From summit of Helang Peak looking  
N.E. on Silver Valley & Richfield.  
Stop. 20.  $\frac{1}{50}$  sec.

#4. From ditto looking E. on Silver Valley -  
Henry Mts in far distance. Same data

#5. From ditto looking N. toward Baldy  
& Belknap Peaks. Same data.

#6. Actual summit of <sup>Helang</sup> ~~Belknap~~ Peak.  
Stop. 20.  $\frac{1}{50}$  second. 25-foot dist.

Film #2. Exp. #1. Over Puffer Lake,  
from camp. 4.15 PM. Stop 16.  $\frac{1}{25}$  sec.

#2. Peaks at head of ditto. Stop 16.  
4.15 PM.  $\frac{1}{50}$  sec.

#3. Camp at Puffer Lake. 4.15 PM.  
16 stop.  $\frac{1}{25}$  sec.

#4. Bear Canyon below Merchant's Valley,  
looking up canyon. 11.00 AM. Stop 20.  
 $\frac{1}{50}$  sec.

#5. Ditto more to right. Same data.

#6. Mr. Farrer's boys and machine in  
his potato patch at Bear. 9.40 AM.  
 $\frac{1}{50}$  20 stop. Aug. 23.

Film #3. Exps. #1. Mineral Mts. & over  
Milford from near Frisco, Utah.  
4.50 PM. 20 stop.  $\frac{1}{50}$ .

#2. From pass over Wahwah Mts, <sup>looking</sup> east  
on Wahwah Valley to San Francisco Mts.  
6.15 PM. 17 stop.  $\frac{1}{25}$



Mail addresses.

(On basis Lakewood, N. J.)

~~to~~

Bryce Lodge

← [estim. arrival  
Sept. 31  
Aug.]

Bryce Canyon, Utah.

Until

Sept. 1 ~~1911~~

Rodge Center,

[estim. arrival  
Sept. 6.]

Zion National Park,

Utah.

Sept. 2 - Sept. 8.

El Escalante Hotel.

Cedar City, Utah.

[estim. arrival  
Sept. 13.]

11. 11. 11.

